KEYSTONE XL PIPELINE APPROVAL ACT

SPEECH OF

HON. BETTY McCOLLUM

OF MINNESOTA

IN THE HOUSE OF REPRESENTATIVES

Wednesday, February 11, 2015

Ms. McCOLLUM. Mr. Speaker, I rise once again in opposition to the Keystone XL Pipeline Approval Act (S. 1). Despite no evidence suggesting that Congressional intervention is needed, this is the second time this Congress that the Republicans are bringing forward a bill to sidestep federal requirements and approve TransCanada's application for the Keystone Pipeline. I oppose this legislation and support the ongoing federal review of the environmental, safety, and economic impacts of this application to determine if this pipeline is truly in our national interest.

The Keystone XL pipeline would transmit oil 1,700 miles from the tar sands of Alberta, Canada across the U.S. to the Gulf of Mexico where it would be refined and exported to global markets. According to federal law, the State Department must complete an environmental review of all cross-border projects of this magnitude. The State Department requested comments on Keystone XL by February 2, 2015 from the Pentagon, the Environmental Protection Agency (EPA), and the Departments of Energy, Justice, Interior, Commerce, Transportation, and Homeland Security. The EPA released their public comments on this day stating that the recent trend of global decline in oil prices should be factored in on whether to approve Keystone XL pipeline. The State Department needs the time to thoroughly evaluate the EPA and other agencies' comments.

In Minnesota, this project has the potential to negatively impact our economy. The Keystone XL pipeline would divert Canadian oil that now flows to refineries in Minnesota and the upper Midwest to the Gulf of Mexico. Diverting oil away from Minnesota could result in job losses at our refineries. Respected oil economist Philip Verleger wrote an op-ed published in the Star Tribune in March 2011 stating that in his expert opinion the oil diversion will diminish supply, resulting in an increase in the cost of oil and food for Minnesotans and the rest of the Midwest. In fact, he states the country as a whole would end up paying nearly $5 billion more for oil than we do today if the pipeline is built. Other economists have estimated that the pipeline will result in the creation of only 50 permanent jobs nationally.

President Obama has stated that he will veto this legislation because S. 1 sidesteps the process for deciding whether a cross-border pipeline serves the national interest of the American people. I support the President's decision to veto S. 1. The precedent of forgoing our national due diligence in order to benefit of a foreign company is irresponsible. The American people deserve an adequate review is conducted. Trading dubious economic benefits for potentially disastrous environmental consequences and higher costs for Minnesota families and small businesses is simply not a trade I am willing to make.

Mr. Speaker, I urge my colleagues to join me in opposing the Keystone XL Pipeline Approval Act and instead bring a bill to the House floor that works to strengthen the middle class.

PERSONAL EXPLANATION

HON. DAVID P. ROE

OF TENNESSEE

IN THE HOUSE OF REPRESENTATIVES

Friday, February 13, 2015

Mr. ROE of Tennessee. Mr. Speaker, I was unable to vote yesterday because of a serious illness in my family. Had I been present, I would have voted:

Roll Call #77—YEA.
Roll Call #78—AYE.
Roll Call #79—NAY.
Roll Call #80—YEA.

REMEMBERING DEAN SMITH

HON. DAVID E. PRICE

OF NORTH CAROLINA

IN THE HOUSE OF REPRESENTATIVES

Friday, February 13, 2015

Mr. PRICE of North Carolina. Mr. Speaker, I rise to pay tribute to Dean Smith, one of North Carolina's most admired and accomplished citizens, who passed away on February 7, 2015. Dean Smith will long be remembered for his successes as head coach of the men's basketball team at the University of North Carolina at Chapel Hill from 1961 until his retirement in 1997. The statistics are dazzling: two national championships, 11 Final Four appearances, 17 Atlantic Coast Conference regular-season titles and 13 ACC tournament titles, 8-times ACC Coach of the Year, and Head Coach of the gold-medal winning USA Olympic Basketball team in 1976. He retired with 879 victories, which was the NCAA Division I men's basketball record at that time.

Behind these statistics is the coach of whom his long-time rival Coach Mike Krzyzewski of Duke University said, ''He was one of a kind . . . one of the greatest basketball minds and a magnificent teacher and tactician.'' The tributes that have come forth from his players uniformly praise his lifelong loyalty to them and his excellence as a mentor. ''He was more than a coach,'' recalled Michael Jordan, ''He was my mentor, my teacher, my second father. Coach Smith was always there for me whenever I needed him and I loved him for it. In teaching me the game of basketball, he taught me about life.''

Dean Smith was also a powerful force for good in the community, working actively and courageously for civil rights and equal justice throughout his life. I have known Dean since my student days at UNC, when he was an assistant coach and an active member of Binkley Baptist Church, a fledgling congregation focused on social justice. His sister, Joan Ewing, managed my district office for eight years, and his daughter Kristen was on my campaign staff. I was honored to join his family at the White House in 2013, when he was awarded the Presidential Medal of Freedom. The intervening years mark an unparalleled career, a life well-lived, and thousands of lives positively shaped and influenced.

With Dean Smith it was not a matter of a celebrity endorsing worthwhile causes; Dean was there all along. Long before he was a national figure, in 1958, he accompanied an African-American friend to a restaurant in Chapel Hill, thereby breaking down the barrier of segregation. Much later, when long-time Binkley Baptist pastor Robert Seymour told the story to Washington Post reporter John Feinstein, Coach Smith expressed some irritation: ''I wish he hadn't done that.'' ''Dean,'' the reporter replied, ''you should be proud of doing something like that.'' Dean Smith looked him in the eye, ''John, you should never be proud of doing the right thing. You should just do the right thing.''

This story captures the essence of what Dean Smith was about. Mr. Speaker, I have selected three complementary pieces to fill out this exceptional story, and I ask that they be included in the record.

[From the Raleigh News and Observer, Feb. 9, 2015]

DEAN SMITH LEAVES A LEGACY FAR BEYOND SPORTS

(Editorial)

Jerry Stackhouse, the former basketball All-America for the University of North Carolina at Chapel Hill, remembered his former coach, Dean Smith, with a personal anecdote that had little to do with coaching or a game. He recalled that years after he left Smith's program, he would send his financial records to Smith.

Dean Smith, who died Saturday night at the age of 83 after several years of declining health, did that for a lot of former players, famous and, more often than not, not famous. He found them jobs, called if a child was sick, counseled them through personal crises.

And he did more. Long before integration was common in North Carolina, Smith and his minister and a young African-American student walked into a Chapel Hill restaurant, sat down and ate dinner. Chapel Hill was thereafter integrated. He did, in effect, the same with the men's basketball program, bringing in Charles Scott as the first black player. Today, Scott remembers that Smith always called him ''Charles,'' because that was his name and his preference, in contrast to the more sports-friendly Charlie.

GENUINE AND GENEROUS

He lectured governors on what he believed to be the heinous wrong of the death penalty. He endorsed liberal politicians. He did not like criticism, but he did not fear it.

He contributed to charities, believing in the dignity of others and the obligation to share. He was a sportsman, a thinker, a theologian.

And, yes, he was one of the greatest coaches in the history of sports, all sports. His records and his innovations (the four-corners offense, the huddle at the foul line before shots) will be exhaustively documented in the next days, as the coach is widely mourned.

But so many who played for him, and so many who never played for him or even met him, will remember first his humanity and his genuineness.

For he was the most decent of men. It was bred in him at birth, as his parents taught him the value of all, and they lived those values themselves, pushing for integration of the races in Kansas when that was not a common much less a popular cause. Young Dean Smith learned well, and he, too, lived those values all his life.

If one talked to him about his upbringing, asked the question, ''Coach, where did your views on life and values come from?'' he would go back to Kansas and his parents, both public school teachers. In 1934, his father coached the Emporia High school team to a state championship, with the first black player ever in the Kansas state tournament.

TIME FOR EVERYONE

Though Smith held strong opinions, he understood that those who didn't agree but

were loyal fans and alums of the institution he represented were due respect as well. It was the way he treated everyone, whether a big booster of the university's athletics program during a golf game or a kid on a playground. Everyone got time, and everyone got a smile.

His way, and his skills, he shared generously. Said one high school coach, exiting a Smith-taught clinic for coaches: ''What that man knows . . .''

Make no mistake. He was a ferocious competitor, and he hated to lose. But he won well. Oft-cited in his obituaries was his reaction to his team's victory in the 1982 national championship against Georgetown. It was an emotional, hard-fought and close game. But when UNC won, Smith's first move was to hug John Thompson, the Georgetown coach. Class, all the commentators said.

Yes, but that was simply the man. When coaches against whom Smith had competed got into trouble or needed help in finding another position, he would make the calls himself to other schools, and his blessing was gold. A seeming multitude of his former players became coaches themselves.

But they also became teachers and doctors and principals and successful people in work and in life. Dean Smith took great pleasure in that, primarily in their happiness. Always he would be ''the coach.'' Always he was first the man, and the friend.

GRANTLAND: DEAN SMITH, 1931–2015

(By Charles P. Pierce, Feb. 9, 2015)

One year, when the Final Four was being held in Atlanta and it coincided, as it occasionally does, with Easter, my family and I went to services at the Ebenezer Baptist Church—the new one, across the street from the imposing place in which both Reverend Martin Luther Kings once preached, and in which Alberta Williams King, the wife of Martin Sr. and the mother of Martin Jr., was shot to death while playing the organ in 1974. The old church, still majestic, is now a National Historic Site. After the services, we walked across the street and into the sanctuary. It was cool and dark. Very few people were there.

As part of the experience of the site, recordings of sermons from both Reverend Kings are played in the sanctuary. Looking around, we saw a solitary figure sitting far in the back, his elbows on his knees and his hands folded. His eyes were closed. And he was listening to the recordings with great intensity. It was Dean Smith. I left him alone with his thoughts. He'd earned his private moments in this sacred space.

Before discussing his career as one of the three greatest coaches in the history of college basketball, we must deal with one aspect of Smith's life that trumps all the championships, all the wins, all the losses, and all the great players who came his way. The fact is that, when this country was finally forced through blood and witness to confront the great moral crisis that grew out of its original sin, Smith was a winter soldier of the first rank.

His father integrated a high school team in Kansas in the early 1930s. Smith himself walked into a Chapel Hill restaurant as part of the first great wave of protests in the 1950s. He tried to recruit Lou Hudson, and then he did recruit Charlie Scott, blowing up the color line in the Atlantic Coast Conference forever. He brought Scott home to dinner, and he brought Scott to church, always the most segregated place in America, even, alas, today.

It's hard today to imagine what profound moral choices these were when Smith made them. It's hard today to imagine how easy it would have been for him to make a different choice, to go along and get along. Smith would have been a great basketball coach if he'd gone along and gotten along. He might have won 879 games eventually, after other coaches had made the choices and changed the world. But he would not have been the man he was, and that makes all the difference today.

Smith died on Saturday. He had been ill a long time with a form of dementia, and that is a fight in which I happen to have a particularly nasty dog. I know from my own family's battles with this cruelest of all diseases, a disease that disappears the individual long before it kills the body, that the work of the kindest mercy is to become the memory that the person has lost. It is something atavistic in us, almost visceral, that awareness that the tribe needs to remember—and that the collective memory is always plural. We tell their stories, even to them, even while they are still alive, because we are their surviving memory, because the person already is lost.

So that is the memory I have of Dean Smith. That, one Easter morning, I saw him in a sacred place and that the air in the place was cool and solemn and as thick with history as the morning sunbeams were thick with dust. He was deep in the shadows, eyes closed, lost in his thoughts, listening to the powerful words of preachers long and sadly dead. I left him alone there and walked back out into the sunlight.

Let's talk about the coach for a moment, though, because that was the heart of his story, the thing that enabled the world to hear the rest of it. There is the undoubted excellence. There are the wins. And there is the incredible array of talent that ran through his North Carolina program. (In the World Tournament of Alumni, I'll take a five of James Worthy, Brad Daugherty, Vince Carter, Michael Jordan, and, what the hell, George Karl and go play anyone, except maybe John Wooden's boys from UCLA.) But one of the most remarkable things about it is that, except for two of the most monumental mistakes in the history of college basketball, Smith might have had the game's most obviously unfinished career. He won his first national title in 1982, when Georgetown's Fred Brown tossed the ball to Worthy as the Hoyas were after the last shot. He won his next one in 1993, when Michigan's Chris Webber had the mother of all vapor locks in the same situation. What it would have been like to have Smith retire without a national championship I have no idea—especially not in the win-or-die way we measure excellence these days—but it would have certainly been one of the greatest statistical anomalies of all time.

In style, Smith was the bench jockey's bench jockey. He rarely rose, but he chewed on officials with the best of them. (Wooden was very much the same, according to a lot of people who played against his teams.) In fact, Smith remains only the second head coach ever to be ejected from a Final Four game (Al McGuire was the first), when he was asked to absent himself from the Hoosier Dome late in a semifinal against Kansas in 1991. He was the most famous sneak-smoker prior to the arrival on the national scene of Barack Obama.

All of which brings me to another Dean Smith story. On March 28, 1977, which actually was a rainy night in Georgia, his Tar Heels were contending with McGuire's last Marquette team for a national championship. The Warriors had led by 12 at halftime, but they had frittered away that lead and North Carolina had caught them and tied the game. These were the days before the shot clock, children, and Smith had devised the four corners offense, which was essentially a very elaborate game of keep-away. His point guard, Phil Ford, happened to be a master of it. With Marquette on the verge of collapse, Smith went into the stall, and he did so with star freshman forward Mike O'Koren on the bench. Astonished by Smith's move, McGuire had his team lay back in a zone, which allowed his players to catch their breath. Finally, with O'Koren at the scorer's table hoping desperately to get back in the game, a North Carolina sub named Bruce Buckley took the ball to the basket. Bo Ellis slapped the shot away, and you could feel the momentum shift back again like the works of a great iron clock. Marquette won. It was the best sports night of my life, and I sent Smith a Christmas card every year after for the next five years. Really, I did.

He was very much an eccentric in his own way, and had his best days before the game was so homogenized and commercialized that the eccentricity was bled out of it. He coached at the same time as Bob Knight at Indiana, and Abe Lemons at Texas, and McGuire at Marquette. It was a game for poets then, not for the slick salesmen of the modern era. Some of them were beat poets, and some of them wrote epics. I always thought of Smith as one of those all-American craftsmen-poets—Longfellow, maybe, or Edgar Lee Masters. His lines were always perfectly metered. Lord, how his game always rhymed.

As I grow older, I grow impatient with the impermanence of memory, with history now considered to be whatever came over your iPhone 15 minutes ago. It is inadequate to what we are. It truncates the collective memory, and that is never a good thing. We are each other's stories, all of us. We keep other stories alive so we can be assured that ours will stay alive too. That is the most devastating thing that happens with the disease that took Smith's life. If we're not very careful, and if we don't make sure to keep the memories we have that are lost to the person with the disease, it breaks that cycle of collective memory and we are all less for that. I learned that watching this disease invade my own family, and it is why I try so very hard to remember my father's voice, even though it's mainly lost to me now.

So remember Dean Smith however you wish—as a coach, as a teacher, as a reluctant celebrity, or as a friend. For me, I will remember him in the cool shadows of the sanctuary on a bright Easter morning, listening to the words of men long dead and gone. I remember him there now, for his sake and for my own. I remember him there in the small piece of a very sacred place that his life had earned.

TRIBUTE TO DEAN SMITH

HON. DAVID E. PRICE

OF NORTH CAROLINA

IN THE HOUSE OF REPRESENTATIVES

Friday, February 13, 2015

Mr. PRICE of North Carolina. Mr. Speaker, I would like to submit the following article in my remembrance of Dean Smith.

CAROLINA ATHLETICS: THE STORIES ARE TRUE

(By Adam Lucas, 2-8-15)

I have been sitting here staring at this screen for 30 minutes. And what I have finally decided I want you to know the most about Dean Smith is this: it's true.

In the next few hours and days, as the tributes to the legendary man pour in, you are going to hear all of the incredible stories again. Some you may hear for the first time. Some you may hear for the hundredth time.